THE CUCKOO.

THE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE DAY.

VOL. I.—No. 8. SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1881. ONE PENNY.

COLLINSON and LOCK'S

FURNITURE and WOODWORK,

ORIGINAL

IN DESIGN and

INEXPENSIVE.

109, FLEET-STREET, E.C.

LIFE ALBUMS FOR 1880 Now Ready, elegantly bound, and containing 52 Phototypes of Ladies of the Aristocracy, and several notable Pictures. Price 25s. each.

LIFE. A Weekly Journal of general society. Annual Subscription, £1 8s.

LIFE. Phototype of Lady Holland, March 17th.

LIFE has issued charming Phototypes of the Countess of Lonsdale, Countess Castlereagh, Countess of Lytten, Countess Karolyi, Duchess of Cobourg, Lady Mary Fitzwilliam, Mrs. Gerard Leigh, Lady Florence Dixie.

LIFE has Phototypes in preparation of Lady Sackville, Duchess of Marlborough, Countess Dufferin, Countess Andrassy, Marchioness of Waterford, Countess Broadalbane, Lady Archibald Campbell.

LIFE. Every Thursday. Price Sixpence.

LIFE. A high-class Weekly Journal, contains all the chief society news; a serial novel, entitled "Women are Strange"; Paris News Dress and Fashion; Puzzles, &c., &c.

LIFE. Every Thursday. 136, STRAND, W.C.

1881 EDITION of DEBRETT has over 160 pp. more matter than heretofore. Just ready.

DEBRETT for 1881 is corrected to about two months' later date than other similar works.

DEBRETT for 1881 furnishes ten times more information respecting Living Members of the Nobility and the Collateral Branches than all other kindred books combined.

DEBRETT'S PEERAGE, BARONETAGE, KNIGHTAGE and TITLES of COURTESY for 1881. Price 26s. 6d., handsomely bound; or in two vols., 15s. 6d. each.

DEBRETT'S HOUSE of COMMONS for 1881. Price 7s.

LONDON: DEAN & SON, and all BOOKSELLERS.

Now ready, Second Edition, cloth gilt, price 1s., by post 1s. 2d.

THE LETTER-WRITER'S VADE MECUM and DICTIONARY SUPPLEMENT. The Indispensable Companion of all engaged in Correspondence. It contains Hundreds of Word-forms not to be found in the ordinary Dictionary, a complete List of the Participles of Verbs, Homonyms, Synonyms, and Foreign Words and Phrases in every-day use. It should always be at hand to solve those doubts as to the correct spelling of words which occur at times to most Letter-writers.

London: C. W. DEACON & CO., 455, Strand, W.C.

ROYAL HOSPITAL for INCURABLES, West-hill, Putney-heath.

Patron—H.R.H. the Prince of WALES, K.G., &c.
Treasurer—John Derby Allcroft, Esq., F.R.A.S.

There are 188 inmates of the Hospital.
There are 431 pensioners of £20 a-year.
There are upwards of 150 Candidates for Election.
The Hospital has room for only six additional inmates.
The new wing, in course of erection, will be completed by the end of the present year.

DONATIONS to the General Fund and to the Building Fund are earnestly and respectfully solicited. The two funds, although distinct, confer equal rights of voting—viz., one life vote for each £5 5s.

A Donation of £525 for the Building Fund gives also the privilege of naming a ward in perpetuity.

A Donation of £105 entitles the donor to name a bed in perpetuity.

Annual Subscriptions of half a guinea and upwards entitle to votes.

Money orders payable to the Secretary at 106, Queen Victoria-street.

"A Strange Holiday," by Zeta, sent post free on application. FREDERIC ANDREW, Secretary.

Office, 106, Queen Victoria-street, London.

COLLINSON and LOCK'S

ORNAMENTAL

PLASTERWORK

FOR CEILING

DECORATIONS.

109, FLEET-STREET, E.C.

J. AND J. COLMAN,

THE LARGEST

MUSTARD MANUFACTURERS

IN THE WORLD.

ASK FOR

COLMAN'S MUSTARD.

COLMAN'S MUSTARD.

COLMAN'S MUSTARD.

COLMAN'S MUSTARD.

COLMAN'S MUSTARD.

COLMAN'S MUSTARD.

COLMAN'S MUSTARD.

COLMAN'S MUSTARD.

COLMAN'S MUSTARD.

COLMAN'S MUSTARD.

COLMAN'S MUSTARD.

COLMAN'S MUSTARD.

TRADE MARK—"BULL'S HEAD."

BRAGG'S

PURE VEGETABLE CHARCOAL.

BRAGG'S Pure Vegetable Charcoal. In Bottles 2s. and 4s. each.

BRAGG'S Charcoal Biscuits. In Tins 1s., 2s., and 4s. each.

BRAGG'S Charcoal Lozenges.

BRAGG'S Charcoal or Carbon Lozenges. In Tins 1s. 1½d. each, or Six for 6s. 6d.

PURE Vegetable Charcoal, by its action in absorbing all acidity and impure gases, cures all disorders in the stomach and bowels, gives a healthy tone to the whole system, and is recommended by the highest medical authorities. — Sold by all Chemists throughout the world.

COLLINSON and LOCK'S

WALL PAPERS and

CURTAIN STUFFS,

ARTISTIC and

INEXPENSIVE.

109, FLEET-STREET, E.C,

THE

GRESHAM

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.
ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, POULTRY,
LONDON, E.C.

FUNDS.

Realized Assets (1880)	£2,824,927
Life Assurance and Annuity Funds	2,738,200
Annual Income	503,120

The Directors are prepared to receive from Local Boards and Corporations applications for Loans upon Rates.

The Society also grant Loans upon Security of Freehold, Copyhold, and Leasehold Property, Life-Interests, and Reversions.

Prospectuses, Reports, and Proposal Forms can be obtained on application to the Society's Agents and Branch Offices, or to

F. ALLAN CURTIS,
Actuary and Secretary.

CHARLES FRODSHAM and CO.

BY APPOINTMENT

TO HER MAJESTY.

ONLY ADDRESS, 84, STRAND, W.C.

THREE GOLD MEDALS for

CLOCKS and

WATCHES.

ONLY ADDRESS, 84, STRAND, W.C.

NOTICE. — NAVIGANTINE. — SEA SICKNESS PREVENTED.
TO PERSONS CROSSING THE CHANNEL "NAVIGANTINE" is INDISPENSABLE.
By its Use
SEA SICKNESS
Is Entirely Avoided.
THE HIGHEST MEDICAL AUTHORITIES SAY IT IS THE ONLY SPECIFIC.
One Dose before Breakfast.
IS AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY AGAINST NAUSEA DURING PREGNANCY.

London Depot.
27, KING WILLIAM-STREET, STRAND, W.C.
And at all Principal Chemists.
Price 4s. per Bottle.
Paris Agents—Roberts and Co., 23, Place Vendome.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall-mall.—THE TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PICTURES by ARTISTS of the CONTINENTAL SCHOOLS WILL OPEN on Monday Next, March 21st.

NOTE to ADVERTISERS. — Advertise at the Lowest Cost in all the leading Papers. Every information. References to the best Firms and Papers. Advertisements sent through my agency receive the special attention of Newspaper Proprietors.—EDWARD B. PAGE, 108, Fleet-street, E.C.

AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE.—THE NATIONAL THEATRE.—AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Lessee and Manager.—THE WORLD, pronounced by the *Times* Newspaper, in its review of the theatrical year, to be most undoubtedly the greatest success of the year. By Augustus Harris, William Rignold, Macklin, Gibson, Boleyn, Lilly, Gresham, Ridley, and Harry Jackson; Miss Fanny Josephs, Miss Fanny Brough, Maud De Vere, Miss M'Namara, and Miss Louisa Payne.—THE STORES, at 7.30. A Cabinet Minister, Director of the Stores, Mr. Walter Pelham; his Daughter, Miss Kathleen Corri; a Leader of Fashion, Mr. Douglass Cox; the Secretary of Stores, Mr. De Lange; a General, Mr. Gregory; an Admiral, Mr. Boughton; a Bishop, Mr. Buccalossi; an Æsthete, Mr. Weldon; Shopkeepers, Swells, Duchesses, Marriageable Maidens, Soldiers and Sailors, the Bulgarian Army.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Sole Lessees and Managers, Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT.—TO-NIGHT, at 8.30, MASKS AND FACES. Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Conway, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Dacre, Mr. Brookfield, Mr. Teesdale, Mr. Stewart Dawson, Mr. Smedley, Mr. Dean; Mrs. Bancroft, Mrs. Canninge, Miss Wade, and Miss Marion Terry. At 8, TAMING A TIGER.

LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—THE CUP.—THE CORSICAN BROTHERS.—Alfred Tennyson's Tragedy, THE CUP, THIS EVENING, at a Quarter to Eight. Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Irving, Mr. Terriss. THE CORSICAN BROTHERS at Half-past Nine. Mr. Irving. CORSICAN BROTHERS.—Last Morning Performances, Saturdays, March 26 and April 2.—Louis and Fabien dei Franchi, Mr. IRVING. Doors open at 2.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—Managers, Messrs. A. and S. GATTI.—THIS EVENING, at 8, MICHAEL STROGOFF. Mr. C. Warner, Mr. H. J. Byron, and Mrs. Hermann Vezin; Messrs. J. Fernandez, Irish, Rosier, Warren, Russell, Palmer, Proctor; Mesdames Bernard-Beere and Gerard. At 7.15, BARNEY THE BARON. Mr. Shiel Barry, Miss Clara Jecks.

OLYMPIC.—JENNIE LEE.—JO.—FAREWELL PERFORMANCES.—THIS EVENING, at 8.30. Miss JENNIE LEE; Mesdames Dolores Drummond, M. Leighton, F. Smithers, C. Steele, F. Leyton, C. Humphreys, &c.; Mr. J. P. Burnett; Messrs. Howell, Dolby, Compton, Andrews, Leigh, Crisp, &c. Preceded, at 7.30, by FAMILY JARS. Misses Smithers and Leyton. Messrs. Compton, Crisp, Grahame. Box Office open 10 till 5. No Booking Fees. Carriages 10.45.—General Manager, Mr. J. H. COBBE.—OLYMPIC.

GAIETY THEATRE, Strand.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.—7.0, OPERETTA. 7.20, LITTLE MOTHER: Miss L. Venne, &c. 8.30, FORTY THIEVES (Burlesque) in 3 Acts. Misses Farren, Vaughan, Gilchrist, Broughton, Gilbert, Hewett; Terry, Royce, Squire, Dallas, Two Macs, and Chorus.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—LAST THREE NIGHTS of EDWIN BOOTH as King Lear.—TO-NIGHT, at 7.45, Shakespeare's KING LEAR. King Lear, Mr. EDWIN BOOTH, with carefully-selected Company. Preceded, at 7.15, by THAT BLESSED BABY.—On MONDAY NEXT, March 21, Mr. EDWIN BOOTH, will appear as Shylock in THE MERCHANT OF VENICE and Petruchio in KATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. WALTER GOOCH.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—THE MONEY-SPINNER, a New and Original Comedy, by A. W. Pinero, at 9 o'clock. Lord Kengussie, Mr. Kendal; Baron Croodle, Mr. Hare; Harold Boycot, Mr. Clayton; Jules Faubert, Mr. Mackintosh; Millicent Boycott, Mrs. Kendal; Dorinda Croodle, Miss Kate Phillips; Margot, Mrs. Gaston Murray. Preceded by A SHEEP IN WOLF'S CLOTHING. Mrs. Gaston Murray, Miss Cowle, Miss Kate Phillips; Mr. Wenman, Mr. Draycott, Mr. Denny, Mr. Cathcart, Mr. Brandon, and Mr. Kendal. Doors open at 7.30. NO FEES.

PRINCE of WALES'S ROYAL THEATRE. Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE.—TO-NIGHT, at 8.40, will be produced a New Comedy, in Three Acts, called THE COLONEL, by F. C. Burnand. Preceded, at 7.50, by IN HONOUR BOUND, by Sydney Grundy. Mr. Coghlan, Mr. Flockton, Mr. W. Herbert, Mr. Eric Bayley, Mr. Rowland Buckstone, and Mr. Edgar Bruce; Miss Amy Roselle, Miss Myra Holme, Miss C. Grahame, Mrs. Leigh Murray, &c. Doors open at 7.30; commence at 7.50. Box Office open daily, from Eleven to Five.—THE COLONEL. MATINEES, SATURDAY NEXT, March 19, and the following SATURDAY, the 26th instant. Doors open at 2, commence at 2.30

COURT THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. WILSON BARRETT.—TO-NIGHT, at 8.15, HEARTSEASE. Messrs. Forbes Robertson, Price, Darley, Fitz Roy, Doone, Phipps, and Anson; Mesdames MODJESKA, Giffard, Varre, Clifford, and Emery. Preceded by, at 7.15, TWO OLD BOYS. Doors open at 7. Carriages at 11. Box Office open from 11 to 5. No Fees.

ROYALTY.—The Ancestral Home of Burlesque. Manageress KATE LAWLER.—PEGGY: A New and Original Drama, by Joe MacKay, will be produced THIS EVENING, at Half-past Seven precisely. Characters by Kate Lawler, Harriet Coveney, Amy Crawford, Ruth Francis, Florence Lavender, Sylvia Grey, and E. Ritta; Edward Righton, Frank Cooper, H. Kelcey, H. Martell, and Seymour Dallas. New and Realistic Scenery, specially designed and executed by Bruce Smith.—115TH NIGHT of DON JUAN JUNIOR. Now in the full tide of its success. 115TH NIGHT.—DON JUAN JUNIOR. "An overwhelming triumph."—GLOBE. Seats may be booked one month in advance. Musical Director, Herr Max Schroter; Secretary and Treasurer, Frank Rothsay; Acting and General Business Manager for Kate Lawler, Cecil Raleigh.

IMPERIAL (AFTERNOON and EVENING) THEATRE.—Miss HELEN BARRY and Powerful Dramatic Company in LED ASTRAY (AFTERNOON, at 2.30); and A LESSON IN LOVE and A LYRICAL LOVER, at 8 o'clock, THIS EVENING.

STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manageress, Mrs. SWANBOROUH.—THIS EVENING, at 8, a New and Original Opera Comique, in Three Acts, entitled OLIVETTE, adopted from the French of Chivot and Duru. Written and produced by M. B. Farnie. Preceded, at 7.30, by A SUMMER CLOUD. The Entertainment supported by a Powerful Company. Doors open at 7. Box Office open daily.—MORNING PERFORMANCE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.0.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, Strand.—Sole Lessees and Managers, Messrs. D. JAMES and T. THORNE.—THIS EVENING, at 7.45, Seventh Time of a New Comedy, in Three Acts, entitled TOM PINCH, adapted from Charles Dickens' Novel of "Martin Chuzzlewitt," by Joseph Dilley and Lewis Clifton, Concluding with (40th Time) a New Farcical Comedy, entitled DIVORCE. Messrs. William Farren, J. Maclean, J. G. Grahame, J. R. Crauford, W. Lestocq, W. Hargreaves, and Thomas Thorne; Misses Sophie Larkin, Lydia Cowell, E. Palmer, Cicely Richards, Marie Illington, and Kate Bishop.

OPERA COMIQUE.—LAST NIGHTS.—THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE (346th Representation), an Original Melodramatic Opera, by Messrs. W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, EVERY EVENING. Preceded at 8, by IN THE SULKS. Messrs. George Grossmith, Richard Temple, Rutland Barrington, F. Thornton, Durward Lely, G. Temple; Mesdames Emilie Petrelli, Ellen Shirley, Jessie Bond, Gwynne, Barlow, and Alice Barnett. Conductor, Mr. F. Cellier.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. R. D'OYLY CARTE.—MORNING PERFORMANCE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.

FOLLY.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. L. TOOLE. TO-NIGHT, at 7.30, HESTER'S MYSTERY. At 8.15, 334th Time, a New and Original Comedy, in Three Acts, by Henry J. Byron, called THE UPPER CRUST. Barnaby Doublechick, Mr. J. L. Toole. At 10.15, THE STEEPLECHASE. Mr. J. L. Toole. Box Office open 10 till 5.—Prices: 1s. to £3 3s. No Free List. No Fees for Booking. Doors open at 7.—MORNING PERFORMANCE TO-MORROW, PAUL PRY and THE BIRTHPLACE OF PODGERS. Doors open 1.30. Toole in both Pieces.

GLOBE.—NAVAL CADETS.—TO-NIGHT, at 8.15, this Opera Comique, by Richard Genée, which was unavoidably withdrawn at the height of its success, will be performed with a most efficient Company. The cast of the piece is very materially strengthened in every respect, and the Chorus and Band augmented. THE NAVAL CADETS can only be PERFORMED for a LIMITED NUMBER of NIGHTS, as an entirely New Opera will be produced at Easter on a most elaborate scale.—MORNING PERFORMANCES EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.0.

NEW SADLER'S WELLS.—HAMLET, TO-NIGHT, at 7.45, for TWO NIGHTS ONLY. Hamlet, Mr. Hermann Vezin (his last appearance here this Season); Messrs. E. H. Brooke, E. Lyons, Redwood, Brooks, Canninge, B. Leslie, Wibrow, Wheatcroft, &c.; Mrs. Sidney and Miss Carlisle. Prices from 6d. to 7s. 6d. Doors open at 6.30. At 7, a New and Original Farce, BLOWER JONES.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.—MEFISTOFELE II. TO-NIGHT, at 8.—Artistes: Mesdames Loseby, St. Quinten, Rose Bell, Jamieson, Kate Lee, and Sallie Turner; Messrs. F. Leslie, W. S. Penley, Kelleher, Power, and Sweetman. In Act II., the WALPURGIS NIGHT REVELS (Music by Mendelssohn).—At 10.30, the New Grand Ballet, HAWAIA, invented and designed by Alfred Thompson. Music by G. Jacobi. Danseuses, Mdlles. Pertoldi, Rosa, Gillert, and the entire Corps de Ballet.—A FARCE at 7.30.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—St. George's Hall, Langham-place.—THE TURQUOISE RING, OUR INSTITUTE, and ALL AT SEA. Every Evening (except Thursday and Saturday) at 8. Every Thursday and Saturday at 3. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; stalls, 3s. and 5s.

THE CLAY CROSS COMPANY'S

CELEBRATED COAL.

This day's prices—Best 24s.; Seconds, 22s.

Orders to Chief Office—

12, BURWOOD PLACE, W.

BORWICK'S For BREAD, PASTRY AND PUDDINGS.

BAKING

FOUR GOLD MEDALS. **POWDER.**

MINTON'S CHINA.

PRICES as at the MANUFACTORY.
SPECIALITIES in TABLE DECORATIONS.
ALL the NEWEST PATTERNS in COMMON and BEST.
DINNER and DESSERT SERVICES.
BREAKFAST and TEA SERVICES.
TOILET SERVICES.
PLAIN ENGRAVED and CUT GLASS SERVICES.
Every Description and Price.

W. P. & G. PHILLIPS,

ARTISTS AND DESIGNERS IN POTTERY AND PORCELAIN,

357, 358, & 359, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

WAUGH'S CARPETS,

112 YEARS' REPUTATION.

FURNITURE.

INTERIOR WOODWORK.

PLAIN PAINTING.

DECORATING.

WAUGH & SON,

6 AND 8, GOODGE STREET, AND 65 AND 66, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.

N.B.—ESTABLISHED 1769.

HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA.

SPRING SEASON, 1881.

SPLENDID EXPRESS TRAINS! New and Luxurious Carriages. TIME DISTANCE NO GREATER FROM HOME TO OFFICE, and *vice versâ*, BETWEEN HASTINGS AND LONDON THAN BETWEEN BRIGHTON AND LONDON TO BUSINESS CENTRES IN THE CITY OR WEST-END. The Towns and Neighbourhood are SECOND TO NONE IN ENGLAND FOR PICTURESQUENESS and SUNSHINE. South Aspect. Well Sheltered from Cold Spring Winds.

FOXHOUNDS AND HARRIERS HUNT THE NEIGHBOURHOOD!

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—All Advertisements intended for insertion in the "CUCKOO" should reach the ADVERTISEMENT OFFICE, 86, FLEET STREET, E.C., by the EVENING before the DAY intended for their appearance.

H. FREEMAN.

"The Cuckoo."

A Novelty in Evening Journalism.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

Can be had of all Newsvendors, and at all Railway Stations.

THE CUCKOO can be sent by book post at the minimum rate—ONE HALFPENNY.

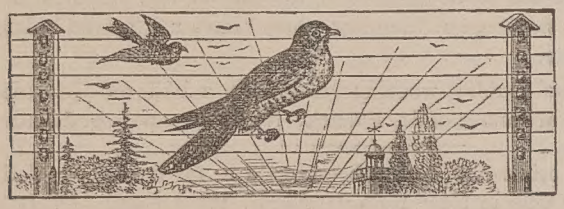
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

(INCLUDING POSTAGE, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.)

Three Months	0 9 9
Six Months	0 19 6
Twelve Months	1 19 0

Post-Office Orders should be sent to Mr. FREDERICK EVANS, at 1, York Street, Covent Garden, W.C.; and made payable at the General Post-Office, London, E.C. Cheques to be crossed Ransom, Bouverie, & Co., 1, Pall Mall East.

Editor's Office (to which all literary contributions for THE CUCKOO *should be addressed), 97, Fetter Lane, London, E.C. Advertisers will please address H. Freeman, 86, Fleet Street, E.C. Publishing Office, 1, York Street, Covent Garden, W.C.*



News from Abroad.

An item of to-day's news from the Transvaal which no paper has commented upon is very significant—"Aylward has gone north."

This means that Aylward, "the renegade Irishman," who is acting as military factotum to the Boer triumvirate, has gone to Leydenberg. He was, and is, virtually commandant of the Leydenberg Boers, and from that district, including the Gold Fields, he can if he chooses draw such a couple of hundred recruits as it would take a whole British regiment to dislodge from the Drakensberg.

Taking only this one fact, therefore, that Aylward has gone north, into consideration, it might easily be concluded that the Boers were playing a desperate double game.

Even Boers confess that every Boer is a liar.

Both Sir Evelyn Wood and Col. Buller, however, know that they cannot rely upon them as honourable men; but the rebels, unfortunately, hold us at a great disadvantage. We dare not hope that the day of disaster in the Transvaal has yet passed.

Turkey refuses to give Crete to Greece, and very properly. The Berlin Conference certainly never said anything about Crete.

Even Greece will be so good as to admit this.

On the other hand, Turkey offers to give four-sixths of what the Powers have asked of her, and these four-sixths include all the best parts of the whole—the balance being chiefly unculturable land, producing only loose stones, large lizards, and Epirotes of very violent manners.

It is wonderful what a deal of human nature there is about a Turk.

Is there to be war between Greece and Turkey? It does not seem so to-day. Both England and Germany are too busy with recent events either to encourage Greece or to bully Turkey. And left alone the two Powers certainly will not fight.

At the court of St. Petersburg very little secret is made of the difference between the present Czar's feelings towards Germany and his father's. If these feelings are too roughly expressed the clumsy Emperor may precipitate very serious European complications.

Bismarck is waiting his time. But meanwhile, he says, Death is waiting for him—so he must be quick.

A great responsibility, therefore, rests on the pretty shoulders of the young Czarina, the sister of our own Princess of Wales.

The following are the terms of the objectionable placard recently affixed to the walls of Paris:—"The Revolutionary Socialists of Paris address their congratulations and encouragements to the Nihilists of Russia, who by an act of energy have just shown to the disinherited of the two worlds how the earth can be purged of a tyrant. They hope that the lesson will not be lost, and promise on their part to make every effort for the cause of justice and equality."

The French authorities are of a long-suffering and much-enduring disposition, but the promise respecting "justice and equality," with which the poster concludes, was too much even for them, and they have consequently decreed the destruction of the document.

There was a police official with the Czar when he was assassinated. But what his name was we dare not try to say. A contemporary calls him in one issue, "Drajeffsky," "Drojobky," "Vorsctzky," "Drovjitsky," and "Wortscitzki."

Mr. Mudford, this really will not do for "the leading daily."

A prominent American furrier states that during the past season over eighty thousand buffaloes have been killed in the neighbourhood of Miles City, Montana, U.S., twenty thousand of which number were killed for their hides only, worth at that point from 2 dols. 25c. to 2 dols. 75c. each. To allow the killing of an animal bearing a thousand pounds, or more, of animal food, in order that the slayer may obtain the paltry sum of less than three dollars for its hide, is a shame. The law of Montana, too, forbids the destruction of buffaloes for their hides; why is the law not enforced?

As we guessed it would be, the French loan has been subscribed for thirty times over.

Arsène Houssaye, the well-known author and proprietor of the Mauresque Hotel, in the Avenue Friedland, is bringing his collection to the hammer, and his hotel is advertised for sale.

Another more important and rare gallery will shortly be in the market. That of the widow of Balzac and her daughter, Countess George *Mniszech*—whose colossal purchases of jewellery, paintings, and *virtù* of every kind, have been going on for years, until the two ladies are completely ruined, and the creditors at length have laid an embargo on all the goods and chattels of the Hotel Rue Balzac.

A story is current of a practical joke played on H.R.H. of Wales by his friend the Princess of Sagan, in whose

salon baccarat is a favourite pastime. The Prince and a few of his Parisian friends were in the heat of the game, prolonged to the small hours of the morning, when a loud knocking was heard at the doors. Summoned to be opened "Au nom de la loi"—in stalks a gaunt commissaire de police, declares the house a gambling establishment, and requires each present to give in his name and address. The Prince hesitates, refuses even; but his associates assure him the law knows no exception. He at length consents to assert his rank, when a loud laugh dissipates the mystification, and the Prince was delighted. Like little Bopeep, he found it was all a joke.

Marshal MacMahon and the Duchesse de Magenta were among the Duc de Broglie's most honoured guests on Wednesday evening. This very effectually contradicts the story circulated by some Republican journals the other day about the coolness subsisting between these distinguished personages.

Frenchmen are waking up somewhat in many matters, and are setting their house in order with a vengeance. The splendid new stand at Chantilly, to cost £24,000, is near completion, and at Choppiele a new course has been started, while the one at Maisons Lafitte has been increased, and is now over two miles round. M. Oller's new course at Acheres opens on the 31st inst., and is in perfect order. Here eighteen loose boxes have been fitted up by an English firm.

An American firm have just completed a sociable form of tricycle, which is, says a correspondent, especially adapted for fat men and lunch baskets! It is simply a union of three bicycles, minus the backbones and little wheels: one in front, fitted both with propelling and steering power, and two behind, side by side, having propelling power and brake. A trio of riders can amuse themselves upon one of these to their heart's content.

By far the ablest of Italian journalists, Signor James Dina, for many years conductor of the *Opinione*, is to be honoured by having a bust of himself placed in that Valhalla of Italy's worthies, the Pincian Hall. It is now rather less than two years since Dina died, and his loss is being more acutely felt from day to day.

In one of the hotels at Nice is a beautiful American, who lately went to an "at home" in full dress, low-necked satin, diamonds, &c. On arriving and looking round the room, she perceived the other guests to be in demi-toilette. "Well," she said, "if I'd known that it was only a sit-round, I'd not have put my clothes on."

At a public exhibition recently given by the Harmonic Maennerchor of Reading, Penn., on the occasion of its annual masked ball and carnival, before the dancing began, a representation of the tortures of hell was given on the stage. Springing from a grotto, a number of demons in black and red seized condemned sinners and thrust them into a pit on the stage, from which flames, smoke, and the groans of the damned ascended. This feature of the carnival provoked long laughter and applause.

A young Parisian couple—members of the Upper Ten—possessing about £2,800 a year, kept up a large establishment, seventeen men servants, and a numerous contingent of maids, &c. The hairdresser engaged to powder and trim the footmen's heads was engaged for £24 a month. The tasteful and pretty Countess finding *satin* a brighter hue than plush, had her staff vested in scarlet satin brigs. Suddenly a whole army of merciless creditors rushed in to seize anything and everything. The fashionable menage "skedaddled" and fled with their last moneys, £800, to Monte San Carlo.

Providence, however, blessed them with a benevolent grandmamma, who appeased the cravings of the hungry creditors.

News from the Country.

The following story comes to us from Scotland: The Rev. Mr. ——, of a parish not very far from the small town of Moffat, was about retiring after long and faithful service. His parishioners very properly thought they would like to present him with some testimonial in appreciation of his services.

They accordingly met, subscribed, and eventually presented their reverend friend with a piece of ground in the parish churchyard, sufficient to bury him—as a mark of their esteem.

The Ladies' Land League will add to its programme that of agitating for female suffrage. The members for Down are to be petitioned to support Mr. Mason's Bill. Since the siege of Limerick women have not figured in Irish politics.

The Dublin working men held a ball on Thursday night in honour of St. Patrick. No drunkenness or disorder.

A printed notice has been found in the letter-box of the Post Office in New Ross (Ireland), threatening Mr. Boyd and his son that they would soon meet the fate of the Czar of Russia, and that ere long they (the writers) would make short work of the handful of soldiers here by the same means.

The document has been handed over to the police, who, it is thought, may be able to identify the type, and thus obtain some clue to its origin.

One of Mr. Boyd's sons was, it will be remembered, the victim of an agrarian murder in this district some months ago.

"Scrab" Nally and his associates in Kilmainham Goal were serenaded on St. Patrick's morning for two hours, by the combined city bands of Dublin. This is a good move. No one who has ever heard a Dublin band can now help sympathising with the imprisoned patriots.

A propos of the patriots in Kilmainham Gaol, a great deal of disgust is every day expressed by Englishmen at the comfortable lodgings which they have found. To speak of their incarceration as a punishment is absurd. It looks rather like a reward, for, except that they cannot get outside the prison walls, their circumstances must be very much superior to those of the bulk of honest Irishmen. Beer, wine, tobacco, good food, airy rooms, and the privilege of holding what may be called a drawing-room, where they can meet each other and entertain their friends, are the sort of injuries under which these patriots are groaning.

Father Ignatius at Bournemouth, seems to have been specially attracted by the costumes of some of the young ladies. He, therefore, made reference to the subject during one of his mission sermons. Remarking on what, in some-

what unctuous phraseology, he styled the "luscious" civilization of ancient Greece, he observed that "young ladies of the present day might very well take a leaf out of the fashion-book of those olden days, for the dresses then were certainly much more graceful, much more becoming, and much more *decent* than they were now!" What does the priest mean?

Newcastle is just now utilising her Art Gallery for the purpose of concerts. To-night the music is Scottish throughout. As vocalists, Miss Isa Robertson, of the Glasgow City Hall concerts, and Mr. George M. Davison, tenor, are announced to appear.

A resident in South Shields has received a letter from a female relative, who happened to be a passenger in the convoy under the charge of the 94th Regiment from Leydenberg to Pretoria, which regiment was attacked by the Boers on December 20th. She writes:—"I cannot describe the horrible scene on our side. Our poor men numbered only 250, and the enemy's about 1,200. I have often read about the battle-field, but never thought I would witness such a sight as I did that day. I remained in the waggon with my little children. God in His mercy watched over us, for the waggon was literally riddled with bullets, and we escaped unhurt. I had myself a very narrow escape of being shot dead, a bullet having passed right through the hat on my head. I sat in that waggon with both my arms thrown around my two children, thinking I could in this way keep the bullets from them. I never shed a tear while that fight lasted, but offered up a heartfelt and sincere prayer to God to protect us, and He in His mercy did so, and brought us safely through. Had the fight lasted another five or ten minutes there would not have been a single creature on our side left alive."

With reference to the mysterious murder of Lieutenant Roper, at Chatham Barracks, a solution, possibly vague, suggests itself to me; and as a man can only be hanged once, it can hardly be considered prejudicial to the self-accused murderer of the old woman at Gravesend.

Chatham is only about twelve miles from Gravesend. The Brompton Barracks at the former station are occupied by the 52nd Foot, who furnish a musketry detachment to Gravesend.

The old woman at Gravesend was murdered by a soldier of the 52nd Regiment on detachment at Gravesend. The same individual had every access to the Chatham Barracks, where his regiment is quartered.

It is likely that one of the Devonshire family will perform the christening ceremony in connection with the launching of the big steamer building at Barrow for the Inman line, considering his Grace the Duke's extensive interest in the town and docks.

Some notable features in the new big boat are the water-tight compartments, the vessel when bulged in on one side being able to shut off the water, and make good use of her engines and boilers on the other. The berths are all arranged on the Pullman car system.

In his "Natural History of British Fishes," the late Frank Buckland notes that eighteen out of twenty-five English cathedrals stand upon salmon streams, actual or historical, while four more are in the fens, where coarser fish formerly abounded.

News of Town.

Gossip of the Lobby.

The Lords on Thursday gave a little scenic performance which was named in the playbill Angus *v.* Dalton.

On the rising of the curtain Lord Coleridge was discovered, peerless and alone, elegantly reading at a desk. To him entered the Lord Chancellor robed and wigged. The Chief Justice humbly rose and received the commands of the Chancellor, who immediately skipped out to attend the Cabinet Council. Next came four varlets in sad attire, who raised aloft two scarlet benches, and set them before the sacred woolsack.

Lord Blackburn entered next, performing a sort of hop-Scotch on the floor of the House.

Lastly came the procession of six judges in a costume in which they never perform out of the House of Lords—black robes, with a scarlet scarf. They range themselves back to back in the two benches, and Lord Coleridge meekly seats himself on the woolsack. Thereupon Baron Pollock rises and walks six paces, fumbling in his pocket all the while, as a parson for his sermon as he mounts the pulpit. Hitherto all had been dumb-show, and it was little else after the learned baron had began attempting to extract his voice from the intricacies of his wig.

Of six hundred and fifty members of Parliament, all, if judged by their own protestations, ready to devote their best energies to their country's good and their countrymen's protection, not a bare half dozen are to be found who will put themselves to the slightest inconvenience to spend a couple of hours a week whilst the expenditure of a hundred millions of our taxes and other imposts are passed in review.

It may be that Cabinet or ex-Cabinet ministers think it beneath their dignity to devote more time to seeing how public money is spent than they do to seeing how it is voted; and so with common consent they excuse themselves from service on a committee, behind the acts of which they are glad enough to take refuge when any unpleasant criticism is raised upon the estimates of which they have charge.

But giving these right honourable members full credit for the modesty which holds them back from the Public Accounts Committee, are we to suppose that there are no aspirants who would be ready to give time and trouble to sift out the grain from the chaff in our Naval, military and civil expenditure. And that no more distinguished chairman can be found than the Conservative baronet who sits for a nomination borough and who claims chiefly to be a "supporter of the established interests of Church and State"? The conviction forced upon an indifferent and casual visitor to the Public Accounts Committee is that there is a general understanding between the wire pullers on both sides of the House to keep out all active and independent financiers, all keen-scented job-hunters, and all thorough administrative reformers. Failing this solution, it can only be presumed that in all matters of public expenditure, the House of Commons *vult decipi et decipehir*.

"They order these things better in France." In that Mushroom Assembly in which our aristocratic Pharisees of the House of Commons look down with such affectation of contempt, a very different tone is observable.

The real control of the Administration in France is to be found not in the Chamber of the Senate, but in the Committee Rooms. Day after day—during the Session and long before it meets or after it rises—the various Committees to whom the "*étude*" of any special subject is referred meet, discuss, and obtain from every possible source the information or evidence they require. The Budget Committee, which most clearly resembles our Public Accounts Committee, though four times more numerous, is in session at least eight months in the year.

It sub-divides itself into various smaller bodies, each of which is composed of members having some special object or interest in the class of expenditure or taxation referred to it. Heads of public departments, men of business, experts and theorists are patiently heard or carefully examined.

The consequence is that the Budget of the Finance Minister, which includes what we know as the Estimates for the Army, Navy, Civil Service, and Public Debt and Consolidated Fund, comes before the Chamber with the notes and amendments of the very highest authorities, supported by the best information. It is no exaggeration to say that every year there have been changes—generally in the interest of economy—to the extent of many millions (of francs) in each year's budget, wholly due to the care displayed by the committee; whilst the poorest letter-carriers or village schoolmasters will bear witness that it was, thanks to the committee, that their wages have been raised to something in proportion to the services they render to the State.

No financial proposal is too grand, no reform too insignificant to be passed without full discussion—and, even if lost in the committee, the point can be raised again in the full Chamber.

It should not be forgotten that Lord Eustace Cecil made a spirited defence of the conclusions arrived at by Lord Airlie's committee, and hoped the Secretary for War would do something to make "the Queen's cloth" more respected at places of entertainment and when soldiers were travelling by railway. Mr. Childers called "Hear, hear"—and it is to be hoped that some strong reform will result from the appeal.

Mr. Dillon is being allowed a curiously liberal length of rope. But let the length be what it may, Mr. Dillon will come to the end of it in time.

Nature gave him the gloomy instincts of a conspirator, and Mr. Parnell has educated the instinct with considerable effect.

If the Coercion Act is retrospective, Mr. Dillon himself would be the last to pretend that it did not meet his case; and, as a matter of fact, he is as much astonished as his countrymen at not being arrested.

Lord Mayor McArthur takes rather a small-grocer view of his position. He will not allow Guildhall to be used for a public meeting in favour of the retention of Candahar, as he says it is "a party question."

It does not apparently matter to Lord Mayor McArthur that Government have declared it is *not* a party question.

In the meantime the Candahar meeting comes off at the Cannon-street Hotel.

Those fussily-beneficent persons who compose the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress, hoping to advantage the Government dockyard hands, offered to agitate on their behalf to get the provisions of the Employers' Liability Act extended to them. But the men in question begged their friends to mind their own business.

Election times are good times for printers, each candidate spending on the average £4,000 in printing and advertising. Wouldn't printing firms like annual Parliaments?

At any rate, had the late Dr. Kenealy lived they would have been ardent supporters of his triennial parliaments motion

The Services.

A good deal has been written lately on the "brutality" of the replies sent by the War Office in answer to inquiries made by the relatives of soldiers on active service. Want of consideration, however, for the feelings of others is not confined to the officials in Pall Mall. Some recently published correspondence between the Treasury and Foreign Office, relative to the recovery of the sum of £12,000 paid to the Macedonian Brigands for Colonel Synge's ransom, shows that the Treasury still maintains the character it has long enjoyed for saying things in the most disagreeable way possible.

I have it on the best authority that Colonel Gordon, late Egyptian Pasha, of Chinese fame, is on the point of resigning his commission and spending the rest of his days in wandering about as far as his retiring allowance will permit. For the Colonel's too scrupulous honesty has prevented him from saving a farthing out of all the opportunities he has had both in China and Egypt, where other men have made their tens of thousands. I believe the colonel starts in ten days for Palestine on a sort of semi-religious pilgrimage; for the brave soldier wants to be beyond the reach of dinner-parties "and such," which he abominates.

Mr. Trevelyan complimented the Admiralty last night on the amount of work they had got through, and the great saving they had effected.

This was very naughty of Mr. Trevelyan.

My Lords of the Admiralty won't be pleased to pose as the mirror reflecting their Parliamentary Secretary.

But to proceed to the "Saving." Mr. Trevelyan explained that the £17,000 would be saved in the pay of retired officers. In the next breath, however, he stated that in Civil and Military Pensions there was an increase of £39,000.

I suppose it's all right, but, to tell the truth, I'm not good at arithmetic.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has consented to sit for his portrait, which is to be added to those of the already long list of Flag Officers past and present belonging to the Royal Naval Yacht Club.

The whole theory of card losses requires consideration. If a gallant Major loses (as he did) £500 that he can't at once pay, at the Card Club round the corner, it seems unreasonable that he should be reported to the Military Club

to which he belongs. In the case referred to, however, no notice was taken of the complaint, and I think rightly so. Clubs that are essentially gambling ones have to risk bad debts, the profits accruing from other sources being quite sufficient to meet the deficits.

In the City.

The New River Company will have to look to its laurels or, rather, its water.

Meanwhile, its shares look well after themselves. The marvellous value of the New River Company's shares still continues, and goes on rising. At the last sale by auction a few days since, portions of a King's share, of the original value of £500, sold at the rate of £93,225 per share.

When shall we hear any more about water trusts for London, or, indeed, about any domestic legislation?

Senor Zamacona, the Mexican Minister in the United States, asserts that American companies have already subscribed 60,000,000 dollars to construct railroads and telegraphs, and to develop mining industries in Mexico. The assertion may revive the somewhat drooping spirits of Mexican bondholders. They like cheering up at times. They want to believe, and consequently do believe, many of the questionable tales about marvellous latent wealth, financial integrity, rapid commercial development, and other bits of soft soap. So far, well and good. But will faith bring them a single halfpenny in the shape of dividends? When the Greek kalends arrive I will believe in Mexican honesty.

The Russian Government have determined to give no more coin for the gold dust of the proprietors of mines in the Ural Mountains; but to pay them henceforth in big ingots duly assayed and officially stamped with a note of their weight and fineness. On the reverse side the ingots will bear the arms of the Imperial Government. This will be a new sort of Imperial money, which will be probably just as available as coin for export, while it will save the Government the trouble and expense of manufacturing it into gold pieces. The ingots might even have a considerable home circulation.

There seems no reason why our Government should not take a hint from this economical system.

Probably nearly everybody taking sovereigns out of the Bank of England for export would just as readily take certified ingots. The Bank could easily arrange with the Mint to give ingots for gold at a trifling advantage to the seller; for, under the Bankruptcy Act, they buy gold with coin (or, what is the same thing, with Bank notes convertible into coin) at three-halfpence an ounce below the Mint rate. The tendency of the change would, of course, be to keep our sovereigns at home, and make ingots, instead of coin, the marketable and exportable form of our standard metal.

Siemens' electric light now being tried in the City looks like the best of the systems that have been exhibited in this country. At an elevation considerably greater than that of the highest houses around, the light from the lamps pierced the thick fog which shrouded the City on Wednesday, and illuminated a wide area in brilliant style. Gas lamps at that height above the street would have been invisible on such an evening. By means of well-placed reflectors the light, instead of being wasted in an upward direction, is made to fall with full power downwards.

The Moss Bay Hematite Iron and Steel Company wants a capital of £350,000, and if investors have read much about the downfall of the Darlington and Mersey Iron Companies, the order of "want" may continue for another generation. Not having obliged the compiler of the *Stock Exchange Year-Book* with a report may yet prove an unwise policy. Confidence is not inspired by silence of this sort.

At the *pourparlers* held in Paris by the group of financiers interested in converting the loan for the Hungarian Gold Rentes into a lower interest bearing Silver Rente, the *modus operandi* has, we hear, been agreed upon. According to present propositions, the Six per Cent. Rentes will be cancelled in series, as originally divided, and Four per Cents issued, if possible, in their stead.

Those orderly-bins about the streets of the City are a capital illustration of how not to do it. The hydrants for extinguishing fires are nicely laid in the pavement out of sight, and no obstruction at all; but the orderly-bins are not only in the way, but are also most unsightly and objectionable to more senses than one. The boys who shovel up the road sweepings scatter them considerably again in depositing them in the bins. The summer is coming on.

The discussion as to the composition of that most important Committee of the House of Commons on the City Companies has been largely on the question whether the railway interest is not over-represented. But it does not seem to be known how many directors of the companies are in the House of Commons.

It will be news to many to be told that the London and North-Western Railway has five of its directors in the Lower House—the Marquis of Stafford, the Right Hon. Lord R. Grosvenor, and the Hon. T. C. Bruce and W. Lowther, as well as Mr. Knowles. The Great Western is represented by four—Sir D. Gooch, Sir W. W. Wynn, and Messrs. MacIver and C. R. M. Talbot. The Midland has three—Mr. Hugh Mason, Mr. Mappin, and Mr. Biddulph; whilst the North-Eastern, instead of the five it had a year ago, has now only one—Mr. J. W. Pease. The Metropolitan Railway has two representatives—Sir Edward Watkin and Mr. Whitworth, and several others have one each.

Looking to these facts, and to the largeness of the total of railway members of the House of Commons, it can scarcely be said that that interest has too great a preponderance on the Committee.

Although the instances that have been named of collapse in the iron trade have been many, yet the meeting of Bolckow, Vaughan, and Co., Limited, at Manchester, yesterday shows that there is a pleasant side to the picture. That great company reported profits for the past year of not less than £340,726; on its large capital it pays for the year 8¾ per cent.; it writes off capital £50,000, and it adds £25,000 to the reserve fund.

Returns like these, and the even more favourable one of the Consett Iron Company, are proofs that when there is good management, and when the companies have not been burdened with excessive capital, there is yet abundant profit in the iron trade, in those branches where the more enduring metal has not injured the trade and laid mills idle. There has never been known so large a demand for iron plates as at present, and works supplying that demand are still doing well.

The tea brokers in the city are up in arms at the proposed changes in the system of bonding teas, and are to

state their views to the Board of Trade. Pressure is again to be put on the Custom House officials to get severe scrutiny made into the arrival of "lie" tea, driblets of which arrive just prior to the new season commencing. The stoppage of this was well seen to last summer.

Here is something in statistics for the British workman to ponder over. It is calculated that the English colliery strikes of the last twelve years have cost the men something like a quarter of a million in wages, and £90,000 through the diversion of money for "strike pay" from sick and accident funds.

There is hardly, I suppose, an office where stamps are much used in which robbery does not take place to an alarming extent. I propose, therefore, to give a remedy, little known in the West-end. The Government undertake to supply a die for the sum of 16s., whereby you perforate your stamps, thus making them valueless as a saleable article. The official to whom you must refer is Mr. Hancock, Wood-street, City.

The portion of land which the Kyrle Society wishes to rescue from the grasp of the builders to devote to the sanitary requirements of this district lies between Portsdown-road, Sherland-road, and Sutherland-gardens. The cost of acquiring it is estimated at £300,000, and the society hopes to raise a sufficient sum to enable it to approach the Metropolitan Board of Works and urge that body to co-operate in acquiring this land for the public benefit. The Lord Mayor has agreed to convene a public meeting at the Mansion House to call attention to the subject.

Gossip of Town.

LAWSON v. LABOUCHERE.

(By our own Gossip.)

A waggon loaded with fagots was the first arrival in Palace Yard, followed by two cab-loads of *Truth*, and publishers, and other things.

Mr. Labouchere pleasantly sauntered in with Mrs. Labouchere, as though he had strolled through the park before breakfast to feed the pigeons. At a quarter past ten he was cheerfully chatting in the public passage of the Court, nursing his coat-tails and blotting out the public fire.

Court-constables are no respecters of person. It is hard when a defendant has to implore admission, and Mr. George Lewis is summarily called upon to state his calling and qualification.

Any one who has stood in the stoke-hole, say of a Cunard steamer, has a faint impression of the Court of Queen's Bench. The same dim distance and tall air shafts over head; the same stagnant vapour and stewing heat below.

Nothing but the icy coolness of Mr. Labouchere could have kept that crowded cupboard tolerable for six hours and a half. But when he had once melted the Court to laughter, it was felt that he was making it warm indeed.

The sun shone on fair women—in bonnets—in the gallery, and on brave men—in wigs—in the well. It played on the pale jewelled fingers of Lord Coleridge as they moved in graceful abstraction to and fro before his lips, or toyed thoughtfully with his crape bands.

The cadenced tones of the Chief Justice were heard but little throughout the day. The gold-rimmed glasses rested low over the judge's note-book; but the eternal smile flitted as ever over the shadowed face.

When Lord Coleridge speaks, it is as though an Æolian harp were fitted on to one of the ventilators, and a river zephyr died among the strings.

Reporters' and witness-box to right of him, jury to left of him, Mr. Levy Lawson, in smiles and straw gloves, with Sir John Holker and Sir Hardinge Giffard to front of him, and Mr. Labouchere away in the far corner of a back seat.

Serjeant Ballantine is not well.

Those laugh that win. This laugh will come in at the end of the trial. But the first laugh was by witness W. B. Dow. "He saw the defendant, C. H. Wyman, who said there was no other Wyman but his father—who was dead."

Sir Hardinge Giffard's tone was quiet and conversational; his only action fingering a copy of *Truth* with infinite scorn, and dropping with exquisite contempt, "this 'er publication."

Stepping deliberately into the box, Mr. Levy Lawson slowly removed one glove, carefully adjusted one wristband, comfortably arranged the collar of his well-fitting coat, and submitted with unruffled temper and irritating self-possession to five hours' examination. He never forgot he was in the witness-box. He was at once in a state of profound ease and perspiration. He replies slowly, cautiously, carefully, adapting the studied movement to the matured reply. Close your eyes, and you are listening to a passionless gentleman, recounting his patient wrongs.

Both are bald—but not more so than gentlemen should be.

Mr. Labouchere, all forgetful of his manner, delivers his matter with the ease of an extempore preacher, and the force and rapid thrust of a practised pleader. His cold tone and trying twang would ruin a man with a less sweet soul.

Mr. Lawson never smiles, but Mr. Labouchere laughs, and all the boy-barristers follow.

There are twenty-two vacant niches flanking the entrance to Westminster Hall. A defendant leaving the Hall last night said they should be reserved for the plaintiff's figures of speech.

A pinched, fleshless face, bearing strong likeness to Leach's Scrooge in the graveyard—but with less hair—peeped between the red curtains of the canopy during the cross-examination. The small eyes twinkled with a hard glitter, and the corners of its tight mouth went down when Mr. Labouchere sneered his most acid questions at the witness-box. The face belonged to Mr. Justice Hawkins, out for a holiday.

Everybody is having a holiday to-day.

On Monday to work again.

Wonders will never cease—at the Mansion House. The Court of Aldermen, sitting *in camerâ*, have had to consider a letter addressed to the Lord Mayor, advocating the abandonment of another old and pleasant custom. Hitherto, the Blue-coat boys, when paying their annual visit to the Civic Dignitary, have been regaled on hot buns and a glass of wine, and if to older stomachs the feast may sound somewhat suggestive of incubus, the boys enjoyed it all the same.

It is said the Lord Mayor was in favour of economy. The City Fathers (my congratulations to them) would not submit to such contemptible nonsense, and after a wordy contest gained the day. The Christ's Hospital boys may there

fore take heart, and swallow the buns and wine with a gusto born only of expectation.

Whew! could it have been the Blue-coat Boys who put that box——? but, no.

THE LORD MAYOR'S PLOT.

(FROM A SHOCKED LAND-LEAGUER.)

Oh Barny, the shame and the pity!
The bliggards and how could they dare?
They have taken a cab to the City,
And tried to blow up the Lord Mayor!

With powder and bloody brown paper,
And a carpet-bag worse for the wear;
And, bedad, he'd have cut such a caper,
If only they'd caught the Lord Mayor.

Was it wine-merchants, frantic with passion,
And drunken with angry despair,
For he's brought zoedone into fashion,
And they'd like for to shoot the Lord Mayor?

Was it Robarts, to bring Corporation-
Reform "to the practical sphare
Of politics," tried, botheration,
To blow up the noble Lord Mayor?

Or the children, deprived of their dancing
(Cotillon, and round dance and square),
Is it them that were bouldly advancing
To blow up the pious Lord Mayor?

Well, whether 'twas Jingo or Fenian
'Tis lucky that peeler was there,
If he hadn't, 'tis common opinion,
That they would have blown up the **Lord Mayor.**

Twelve correspondents write to tell us that Gustave Doré's mother is dead. Well?

We never even knew he had one.

But we trust she did not die from violence, though the surprise of the correspondents at her demise would lead us to suppose something extraordinary had happened.

Some years ago half-a-dozen Birmingham journalists showed their appreciation of the local Park by living in it for several months during summer. They pitched a huge tent in a thicket of hazel and holly, opened a labyrinthian path to it from the adjoining road, obtained from the wardens the right to cut firewood, and there they passed many a long summer day, reading or sleeping in their swing hammocks, rambling through the woods, or thumping melodies out of a somewhat dubious harmonium. Provisions were obtained in the neighbouring village, and when friends called from Birmingham on a Sunday there was no lack of good cheer. I never knew of any one catching cold by living in the "camp," though there were occasions when rain made sleeping a rather uncomfortable performance.

We are not a very teachable race. In the matter of fuel, as in other things, Britons cling pertinaciously to the old system—coal burning, regardless or ignorant of the economies to be effected by the use of gas.

A strong contrast, however, is afforded by the state of things abroad, and pre-eminently in Paris, where the regenerative system has been resorted to with marked success.

This is one of the many things that "are managed better in France."

Dwellers in the Valley of the Thames will not be gratified to learn that their sufferings from inundation have no better prospect of amelioration than can be found in the introduction of a Bill into the House of Commons by a private member—which, it need hardly be said, will *not* pass.

This is to be a great night for the tea and muffin people. They are going to be entertained at the Mansion House by the Lord Mayor himself, and on their own particular fare. Most of the professional muffin men will be to the fore. They will be headed by the venerable Earl—what a tough old crumpet it is!

Then there is to be dear Sir Thomas Chambers, M.P., and Recorder of London—not the liveliest man for an evening party; Sir Charles Reed, M.P., a bland person, the opposite of Sir Thomas; Messrs. Barclay and Bevan, Donald Fraser, and the inevitable Burman Cassin, one of the funny men of the party.

According to the card of invitation the programme will be as follows:—Tea and coffee at 7; meeting at 7.45; music at 9.30.

I am inclined to doubt a report that the Lord Mayor himself will sing one of Watt's favourite hymns, but it is beyond question that quite a special lot of groceries has been ordered in from the stores, and that Ring and Brymer are to supply unlimited melancholy.

Muffins, I am sure, the company would vastly prefer to any secular fare of the nature of champagne or oysters. My dear friends, I wish you a pleasant and a pious evening. May the tea be strong and the muffins hot, and may they partake in moderation of both!

Sir Stafford Northcote has consented to preside at the anniversary dinner of the Home for Little Boys, to be held at Willis's Rooms to-day.

The Somerville Club gave another "At Home" on Tuesday, when the lady candidates for guardianships mustered in force to hear a debate on "Poor-law Guardianship." The chief speaker was Miss Müller, of School Board fame—a lady eminently Teutonic in everything but looks. There were gathered together many of the earnest-minded ladies of the day—among them the Miss Davenport-Hills and the ever-charming Dowager Marchioness of Lothian.

Several men were there, wearing the subdued appearance such gatherings of triumphant women always call up on even the most sympathetic male faces.

The Club does not yet look very attractive. Its outlines are still unfinished and sketchy. It would have been wiser on the part of its leaders not to challenge criticism till some of the finishing touches women are supposed to give with such subtle tact, had softened down its gaunt and unlovely dreariness. A stopped clock, and a plentiful supply of tumbled papers of last week's date are not alluring.

The other evening, at the Lamoureux Concert, a lady conversed incessantly with her companion. What a pity that people go to concerts when they wish to talk!

This irrepressible young woman might have rendered good service had she buzzed away in the orchestra, but amongst the audience she proved a disturbing and most tiresome element.

Why did not the Irish Members—I mean the patriotic contingent—dine in celebration of the National Festival on Thursday night? The reason given is that the last two

dinners were financial failures, that some of the gentlemen, in fact, didn't pay up. There were, however, Irish concerts and balls given at the Foresters' Hall, Clerkenwell, and in the Drill Hall, Bermondsey, at which Mr. Justin McCarthy and other Irish M.P.'s looked in.

St. Patrick's Day must surely be the longest day in the year. With ardent spirits it is capable of lasting into the middle of next week.

The neglected state of smoking carriages on almost every line calls for notice on the part of the smoking public. There being, moreover, only a limited number of carriages so set apart, their occupation by ladies should be peremptorily prohibited. I was a victim to this usage last week, for finding the compartment fully occupied by females I was consigned elsewhere, and compelled to abstain from smoking under a penalty of 40s.

I would like to give half a column, at least, of quotations from "Night and Day." But I cannot do so until some one upon whose word I can rely assures me that the charities in that periodical are *bonâ fide*.

I will, however, just remind the public that Earl Cairns is president of the institutions, for the promotion of which that journal started. The next annual meeting has been fixed for the 1st June, and it will be held in Exeter Hall.

Westminster, as a school, is doomed. History and tradition are all very well, but space for exercise is absolutely necessary in an educational establishment, and the lack of this nothing will repair. The sooner the governing body of Westminster School accept the position frankly, the better.

We are assured by sanguine enthusiasts that the British Museum is going to have a catalogue "soon."

To put the matter briefly, we don't believe it.

It is very seldom that the Old World and the New have been brought into such striking juxtaposition as at the Patent Museum at South Kensington. There, standing side by side, is an old wooden press, at which Benjamin Franklin worked, and a model of the latest perfection in Anglo-American machine power.

In June next a demonstration and conference in connection with the Association for the Repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts, is to be held in St. James's Hall. There will be a good muster of foreign doctors, and several ladies from the Continent are expected to attend.

Courts and Courtiers.

The grief of the Duchess of Edinburgh on hearing the terrible news was beyond description. The pet child and only daughter of the deceased autocrat, her smallest whim became law, and, as a Russian *attaché* told me quite recently, "Raised her finger, and the Emperor obeys."

The recent visit of the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia—and the melancholy cause of his sudden departure—reminds me of an entertainment at which I was present. Some seven years ago a grand banquet was given by the Grand Duke on the flagship of a Russian squadron, that was making a tour of the world. It was in Simon's Bay, South Africa, and, besides the Russian ships, four other nationalities were represented in the anchorage by ironclads—namely, France, Holland, Sweden, and England.

After dinner of a most *recherché* kind, in which Crimean wines of marvellous vintage took a liberal part, the health of the rulers of each of the above five countries was drunk. The deafening accompaniment that followed each toast may be inferred from the fact that each of the five ships fired a salute of 101 guns five times, making a grand and very demonstrative total of 2,525 rounds.

A peculiarity of the Grand Duke's occasioned much amusement to those disinterested, during this visit to the Cape; and the wife of the governor (Sir Henry Barkley) was once a sufferer by this Russian fashion, who, not knowing that His Imperial Highness invariably smashed his glass after drinking the toast of the Czar, and being desirous of doing all honour to her Imperial guest at Government House, produced, for the occasion, a rare service of glass. The result being that at the end of the week her ladyship's set was diminished to seven wine-glasses.

When the Grand Duke Alexis was at Vichy last year it was noticed that a German Baron was constantly haunting his footsteps. A Nihilist plot was at once suspected; the police were informed, and a special agent was sent from Paris. His investigations led to the discovery of a secret correspondence between the German Baron and some Polish doctors in the neighbourhood, and the excitement was fast reaching its culminating point when the supposed Nihilist disappeared. Imagine the disappointment when it eventually turned out that the German Baron was simply a dentist anxiously watching for an opportunity to hand the Grand Duke his card.

The present Czar was once no friend to England. At a banquet given not very long ago, he refused to stand up; and, grinding his teeth, smashed his glass when the toast of England was proposed.

The Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe is at present at Windsor Castle.

Prince Leopold, attended by the Hon. A. Yorke, visited London yesterday.

Earl Sydney left town yesterday afternoon on a visit to the Queen. His Lordship lunched at the palace, and returns later on to London.

Lord and Lady Ellesmere will leave Melbourne on the 12th of April by the Peninsular and Oriental steamer *Orient*, which is due to arrive at Plymouth on the 28th May.

The date of the next Drawing-room at Buckingham Palace has been altered to the 29th inst. at three p.m.

An alteration has also been made in the date of holding the next *levée* of the Prince of Wales, which, by command of the Queen, will be on the 5th prox., at two p.m. Presentations at this *levée* will be considered as equivalent to presentation to Her Majesty.

His Royal Highness is expected to leave Marlborough House, *en route* for St. Petersburg, on Monday evening, and it is probable that he will be accompanied by the Princess.

Earl and Countess Wilton arrived at their town residence in Grosvenor-square, yesterday, after a lengthy cruise in the Mediterranean.

Lord St. Germains still continues very ill, though his condition does not grow worse. He is under the treatment of Sir William Gull and Dr. Burton.

The Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Gathorne Hardy, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Farquharson and Miss Farquharson have returned to town.

Indifferent sport was again experienced by the Empress of Austria, who yesterday hunted with the South Cheshire hounds. Cholmondeley Park was the rendezvous; and Mr. Corbet, the master, was somewhat unlucky, inasmuch as the first fox found was killed before getting away, and the second was lost after a twenty minutes' run.

Her Imperial Majesty's hunting trip expires on Monday week, and it is not expected that it will be prolonged. It is rumoured that Her Majesty will visit Aintree to see the Liverpool Grand National run for.

Mrs. Campbell, of Craigie, gave her first dance at her residence in Hereford Gardens, on Thursday. Everybody remarked at first what an extraordinary number of pretty faces the hostess had collected round her, and in the next place, how exquisitely the rooms were adorned. Mrs. Adrian Hope, Lady Tufton, and Mrs. Maxwell Heron were among the company.

At the Arts Club.

M. Mierzwinski, who is coming to sing at Covent Garden during the beginning of April, has just signed an engagement for two years with M. Ronera, of the Madrid Theatre. The terms are to be 12,000f. a month for the first year, and 15,000f. for the second.

A novelty in the way of an air and variations for flute with pianoforte accompaniment is to be given at Miss Zimmermann's concert on the 5th May. The few bars which form the melody are Mendelssohn's, but the variations have been added by our clever lady artist. It is interesting to know that it was Mendelssohn's idea to complete this Lied for Mr. Walter Broadwood.

Among the rare manuscripts sold at Liverpool in the Hargitt collection was the original application to the Pope to grant a dispensation for the marriage of Mary, Queen of Scots, to the Dauphin of France. It was signed by Cardinal Trivulsio, Papal Legate, on the 10th of April, 1558.

The Society of Lady Artists has brought together 764 pictures in their gallery in Regent-street, and I hear the exhibition spoken of as being one of good average merit.

This year's Scotch Academy Exhibition includes 1,047 works, while double that number have been rejected.

The principal pictures are from the hands of Sir F. Leighton, Orchardson, Erskine Nicol, Bruton Rivière, G. H. Boughton, Millais, Pettie, Ouless, and Archer.

Mr. George Godwin, F.R.S., F.S.A., past Vice-President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, has unanimously been awarded the gold medal for 1881.

Professor Amos' new book on "Remedies for Warfare" is dedicated to his wife.

The second exhibition of the City of London Society of Artists will be held in the hall of the Skinners' Company; but the society are thought to be endeavouring to obtain from the wealthier of the guilds monetary assistance sufficient to enable them to secure a place in which their exhibitions may be given annually. The society have a scheme, the success of which will depend on the support they receive, for establishing a School of Art in the City in connection with the City and Guilds' Technical Institute.

Owing to the cordial reception given to Professor Macfarren's "Lady of the Lake" in the Holborn Hall, arrangements have been made for the repetition of the work in the same building on Monday evening. The soloists will include Miss Agnes Larkoom, Miss Damian, Mr. Henry Taylor, Mr. T. J. Hutchinson, and Mr. Theodore Distin.

Mr. C. Villiers Stanford's opera, "The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan," has recently won a marked success at the Theatre Royal, Hanover, and before the year is out, thanks to the energy of Mr. Carl Rosa as an *entrepreneur*, we are to have an opportunity of hearing it in the metropolis.

Mr. Harvard Turner gives the fourth of his series of chamber music concerts at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley-street, on Thursday, May 5th.

Mrs. Osgood, the popular soprano, will pay a professional visit to the United States next October, extending her travels as far as California.

Sir Julius Benedict's annual concert is always one of *the* events of the musical season, and the next has been fixed to take place on June 28th.

M. Lamoureux's next concert takes place on Tuesday. The vocalist will be Mdme. Brunet-Lafleur; the pianist, Mdme. Montigny-Remaury; and the principal violinist will be M. Sainton. The concert will be in aid of the French Hospital and Dispensary, and will be under the patronage of M. Challemel Lacour, the French Ambassador.

We shall miss Mr. Boosey's ballad concerts, which are drawing to a close. The last but one takes place next Wednesday.

This afternoon at three the Rev. H. Haweis delivers lectures at the Royal Institution, Albemarle-street, on "Washington Irving."

What's a guinea? Shortly it will be the price of a stall at the Lyceum.

These are the only medals of the kind held by any yachtsman in Scotland.

Quaritch always has treasures. But in his last list we see one to make bibliophiles envious even to jaundice. It is a copy of the Old Testament, printed by Gutenberg, being the first edition of the Scriptures ever set up in type. Moreover, it is in perfect preservation in the original embossed pigskin binding on oak boards.

Engravers are very proud, and justly so, of the honour conferred upon F. D. Ward, J.P., by the Royal Irish Academy, which has elected him a member.

He belongs to the firm of Marcus, Ward, and Co., of Chandos-street.

Another Printers' Exhibition is to be held this summer in the Agricultural Hall. It opens on the 14th of July.

At the late Leeds Festival, an old lady and gentleman were discussing the merits of Mr. Edward Lloyd, the eminent tenor. "Ah, my dear," remarked the latter, "you should hear Sims Reeves, he can sing an *octave* higher."

Adelina Patti has been offered £500 a-night to go to New York for six weeks. This is £100 more than she ever received, even in St. Petersburg.

Mrs. Oliphant has a new novel in the press, called "Harry Jocelyn," and "Rita" has another also, entitled "My Lady Coquette."

Mr. Henry Irving has been graciously pleased to accept the dedication of the latter.

Mr. Sullivan had a great success with his cantata, *The Martyr of Antioch*, at St. James's Hall, last night.

Madame Albani, in the part of Margarita, fairly entranced the house.

Persons employed in City and West End warehouses, banks, &c., may be reminded that, this being the last day of the Spring Exhibition of Water-colour Drawings, they will be granted free admission between four and eight on presentation of their employer's card.

Miss Litton's occupancy of the Court Theatre, which will commence next autumn, during Mdme. Modjeska's tour in the country, will last, we hear, only for a few months.

We hear that—whatever may have been the case in this country—ten thousand copies of Lord Beaconsfield's "Endymion" have been sold in Canada. This is said to be the largest sale which any book has yet reached in the Dominion.

Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's "History of Napoleon III." is approaching completion. The fourth and concluding volume will probably be published this season.

"Songs of a Worker," the posthumous volume of Mr. O'Shaughnessy's poems, will be made up of three parts—first, "Christ will Return," a story of North American Indian life in rhymed metre, and lyrics; second, "Thoughts in Marble," sonnets and other poems inspired by examples of ancient art; and, third, "Translations from the Modern French Poets."

The one novelty Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt is likely to play during her forthcoming engagement at the Gaiety is Marguerite Gautier in *La Dame aux Camélias*.

An exhibition of pictures by artists of the British and Foreign Schools will be opened at Mr. McLean's Gallery in the Haymarket on Monday next.

On the same day Mr. Tooth's collection will be opened to the public at No. 5 in the same street.

A private view of the exhibition of pictures by artists of the Continental Schools, French Gallery, is appointed for to-day; the gallery will be opened to the public on Monday.

The Day's Amusements.

The Quebec (Canada) branch of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, having recently adopted a new set of rules for point playing, a copy was sent by the hon. sec. to Lord Dufferin, who, in reply, has written to express his satisfaction that the curlers are keeping up the game, as he was aware of no other amusement from which so much genuine pleasure could be had, and which was so free from the pernicious habits of betting, &c., so common to many manly sports.

He adds that all his efforts to introduce curling into St. Petersburg had failed owing to the changeable nature of the climate. His Excellency's remembrance of Canada is among his treasured memories of past years.

Canadians seem determined to win back the Challenge Cup carried off by the American yacht from this country 30 years ago, and a sloop has been laid down at Ontario 68 feet long, 18½ feet beam, and 6 feet deep.

Captain Mackie, who sailed the world-famous cutter *Vanduara* last season, has just received a handsome silver medal from the secretary of the Royal Cinque Ports Yacht Club, the commodore of which is His Royal Highness Prince Arthur. The medal is for the master of the *Vanduara*, Captain Mackie, for having won the ocean match between Calais and Dover last season. Captain Mackie has also received a silver medal from Lord Londesborough for winning the first-class cutter match at Dover last June.

A craze for new racing companies formed as near as possible on the lines of Sandown Park and Kempton Park, is rapidly spreading, and one by one we may expect the old free meetings to become absorbed in these more profitable ventures. It, however, remains to be seen whether the interests of racing will be as well served. It is quite certain that the old features of the "Pitmen's Derby," as the Northumberland Plate has been called, will, under the altered circumstances, disappear.

The contest for the English Football Association Challenge Cup is causing great interest in football circles. To-day Clapham Rovers (the present holders) play Old Carthusians at the Oval, and should beat them, while at Wolverhampton Stafford Road are to try conclusions with the Old Etonians, and I shall rely upon the Hon. A. F. Kinnaird to take down a team of "old boys" sufficiently strong to wrest the laurels from the countrymen. If reports are true, the Darwen men have a good chance for the final tie, and those who should know tell me that if they only put a good average team in the field they are bound to carry the trophy back to Lancashire with them.

The date for holding the Oxford and Cambridge Athletic Sports is not yet definitely fixed; the only question to be decided is as to whether they should take place on the day before or the day after the boat-race. The latter date being Saturday would certainly, if fixed upon, add to the attendance, as it would suit the City division.

The Scots Greys will hold their Regimental Races over the Baldoyle course on Saturday, April 9th, when the programme will contain seven events.

We hear, on good authority, that the Clapton Lacrosse Club are endeavouring to secure Kennington Oval for Easter Monday (April 18), for a contest between Middlesex and Lancashire. We have heard nothing more of the projected visit of a Canadian team to our shores this summer, and we must therefore conclude that the undertaking has fallen through.

What do you think of Kuhleborn or King Sheppard for the Lincoln Handicap, and what do you think of Liberator or Lady Newman for the Grand National? These are the tips given to me by a party who has had experience sufficient to teach him something of the subjects about which he is talking, and I myself consider his prognostication worthy of attention.

Liberator and Prophet have once again changed places in the betting for the Grand National, the first-named now being favourite at seven to one, while twice this rate is forthcoming against the second string.

His Grace the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, K.G., has been appointed President of the Priory Park Cricket Club at Chichester, and the Earls of March and Egmont are elected among the Vice-Presidents. Are any of these noblemen cricketers?

I hear that the arrangements for starting a county cricket club in Wiltshire are going on satisfactorily. There is one drawback, however, which, if not removed, will bar the future prospects of success. It is that North Wilts men are trying to keep the thing all to themselves; whereas Salisbury, being in South Wilts, should naturally be the headquarters of the club.

Lord Lansdowne has very wisely withheld his consent to act as president until the Southerners are adequately represented. Certainly there is a splendid ground at Marlborough College, and no doubt the *élite* of that district fancy their claim on this account to be a good one, but the county town must be duly honoured in these little matters; and besides, what place in the shire can be so easily reached as Salisbury?

The county can produce several good supporters of cricket. I have played in several pleasant matches against both the Earl of Pembroke and his brother, the Hon. Sydney Herbert, M.P., in Wilton Park; while I shall not easily forget the capital cricket we used to get at Bowood Park, under the captaincy of Lord E. Fitzmaurice, our chief fixture of the year being the match against the Lansdowne Club, when the three Graces were nearly always pitted against us.

In those days there was, too, a very decent club at Zeals Park, in South Wilts, Prince Hautoff, Lord Mandeville, Lord Charleville (since deceased), and many other notabilities "wielding the willow," four afternoons out of every seven, to their hearts' content.

"Our" Club has, however, since been disbanded, as the majority of its members have removed from the district.

The Uppingham Rovers Cricket Club have arranged matches for the ensuing season against Bedfordshire, Leicestershire, Gentlemen of Derbyshire, Gentlemen of Lancashire, Devonshire Park, and other clubs. The Old Boys' match will take place at Uppingham on June 30th and July 1.

The Meynell Hunt, whose headquarters are at Sudbury, near Derby, has a new master in Mr. Chandos Pole, who has accepted the post in place of Lord Waterpark, resigned. Two thousand pounds has been guaranteed by the subscribers, Mr. Chandos Pole undertaking to hunt four days a week.

In accordance with our statement on Wednesday, the Oxford crew on Thursday afternoon, repaired to their new quarters at Marlow, for a quiet fortnight's training and repose. They were joined at their new retreat by Mr. W. B. Woodgate, an old Oxford blue, who, it is said, will coach them in their early practice away from Oxford. The odds on Oxford have been reduced to 6 to 4, a quotation that should represent the chance of the "dark blues," seeing they have five of last year's victorious crew in the boat.

An Australian correspondent says that H. Pearce, who recently won the New South Wales Rowing Championship in Hobson's Bay, is a very promising sculler, and not far behind either Trickett or Laycock.

Who is the mighty Kirby? Edward Trickett, late champion sculler of the world, has been matched with a William Kirby, of Southampton, to row for a £100 aside, in a straight away course on Southampton water. The men are restricted to 18 feet skiffs, and, wind and weather permitting, the race is to take place on Easter Tuesday, the 19th of April.

Sir William Verner and Captain Blundell left Ireland for England yesterday, and Sir William Style, Major Priestly, Major Tottenham, and Captain Courtney have arrived in Ireland.

A temporary meeting of the Urban Club was held last night at Anderton's Hotel.

Churches and Churchmen.

At St. Paul's Cathedral to-morrow, the preachers are: At 10.30, the Rev. D. Sparrow Simpson; 3.15, the Rev. Canon Gregory; 7.0, the Rev. Walter Abbott. At Westminster Abbey: 10.0, the Rev. Gordon Calthrop; 3.0, the Canon Prothero. At the Chapel Royal, Whitehall: 11.0, the Dean of Worcester (Lord A. Compton); 3.0, the Rev. Canon Barry. At the Chapel Royal, St. James's: 12.0, the Bishop of Durham. At the Chapel Royal, Savoy: 11.30, the Rev. Henry White; 7.0, the Rev. Canon Prothero. At St. Stephen, South Kensington: 4.0, the Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter. At St. Botolph, Bishopsgate: 6.30, the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Fremantle. At St. Alban's Holborn: 7.0, the Rev. A. H. Mackonochie. At St. James's, Piccadilly: 11.0, the Bishop of London. At St. George's in East: 11.0 and 7.0, the Rev. Harry Jones. At City Temple: 11.0 and 7.0, the Rev. S. Parker. At St. Peter's, Eaton Square: 11.0, the Bishop of Bloemfontein; 4.15, the Rev. Canon Wilkinson. At St. Clement Dane's: 11.0, Rev. Canon Barry; 7.0, Rev. F. J. Ponsonby.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey threaten to return to England in autumn.

Why doesn't Mr. Legge go on with his very interesting series of sketches of leading Roman Catholic Church dignitaries and their converts? We hope Mr. Legge has not been "got at" by Popes, or Cardinals, or such?

Cuckoo Notes.

"An old Blue-coat Boy" writes to say that nothing will persuade him that his old school can have so fallen off in gentlemanly manners as to have planned "the late abortive massacre of the Lord Mayor."

We, ourselves, judging from the high moral tone of Blue-coat boys, can hardly believe they would be so unmannerly.

It is true, they have had serious provocation, for if it had not been for the protests of a few jolly Aldermen, who were once young themselves, the Lord Mayor McArthur, would have cut off the annual wine and bun treat of the Blue-coat lads.

Nothing has been discovered of the assassins as yet. But the housekeeper of No. 1, George-street, says she saw "a very tall woman" going away from the box. The police are therefore on the track of a large number of tall women, and, from evidence received, it is probable they will discover, before very long, that an attempt was made on Tuesday night to blow up a box outside the Mansion House.

What was in the box beside carpet bags and Irish newspapers? A ridiculous rumour is abroad that the black contents were coal dust.

Whatever it was, the credit of saving the State is now divided equally between Mrs. Carr and Samuel Cowell.

Anybody intending to assassinate the Lord Mayor in future must be careful not to wear spectacles. His lordship has received numerous letters informing him that "at the next attempt" Orsini will wear coloured spectacles.

And for greater innocence of appearance, the diabolical receptacle selected will be a soup tureen. Death in the turtle!

Nobody, so the *Times* says, can, after the tall woman

phenomenon, accept "the imputation which has been made anonymously against the policeman that he himself, for purposes of his own, might have put the parcel there."

As a matter of fact, no one ever did accept it, for if "to serve some private ends" the policeman had put in the gunpowder there, he would have been the *last* person to come near it. As it was, he was the *first*.

Over 100 police were yesterday engaged at Balla, protecting process servers. A crowd of men, women, and children pelted them with stones, and the processes came home to roost.

A long lease has been taken of the Alexandra Park and Gardens by Messrs. Jones and Barber, for the London Financial Association.

Mr. Chandos Pole has been elected Master of the Meynell Hunt, in succession to Lord Waterpark.

Mr. Scott has now come down to a tie in the shooting match at the Aquarium, notwithstanding that Dr. Carver showed some rather poor form last night.

Woman's rights agitators have at last found a safety valve.

Failing to get into Parliament to take care of the nation, they are now going in for admission to Boards of Guardians, declaring that caring for the poor is the natural work of women.

A deputation of Amazons waited upon Mr. Dodson yesterday to support this view. Mr. Dodson, however, scarcely saw it.

Touching the contest at the Welsh Harp—may not a crack-shot very appropriately be termed a shooting-star?

Simpson had the better of Thompson, the other day, as the correspondence will show:—"Mr. Thompson presents his compliments to Mr. Simpson and begs to request that he will keep his piggs from trespassing on his grounds." "Mr. Simpson presents his compliments to Mr. Thompson and begs to suggest that in the future he will not spell pigs with two gees." "Mr. Thompson's respects to Mr. Simpson and will feel obliged if he will add the letter E to the last word in the note just received, so as to represent Mr. Simpson and lady." "Mr. Simpson returns Mr. Thompson's letter unopened, the impertinence it contains being only equalled by its vulgarity."

A novelty in oath-taking is described by one Casey, who gave evidence yesterday at the Kerry Assizes. His whiskers were cut off with a pair of scissors, a piece of the skin of his neck being forfeited also. His whiskers were given to his wife, and the terrified pair, their eyes bandaged, were made to swear upon these relics and the end of a rope that they would never give any information.

A rope's end is not without significance.

Mr. Robarts is worse than the Griffin to the Corporation of the City. They put him out into the street, and he has now become an obstruction. The great civic coach can neither drive over him nor past him.

An "undress dinner" of the members of the Colonia Institute will take place at the Grosvenor Gallery Restaurant, on Tuesday, when Mr. McCullagh Torrens, M.P., will give an address on "Imperial and Colonial Partnership in Emigration." The chair will be taken by the Earl of Dunraven, K.P., vice-president of the Institute.

On the same evening Mr. Justice Cave will be entertained at a joint dinner of the Midland and North-Eastern Circuit, in the Inner Temple Hall. Tickets guinea and a-half each.

The latest scare in Vestrydom is small-pox in the milk. This is worse than trichinosis in pork. Will they leave us *nothing* to eat or drink?

Failing other means, Government is going to encompass the ruin of the spiritualist Fletchers on the charge of witchcraft!

Apprehending that the present charge against Mrs. Fletcher will fail, they have added the following amendment to the indictment against her, under Act of George II., cap. 5:—"And the jurors aforesaid, upon their oath aforesaid, do further present that the said Susan Willis Fletcher, John William Fletcher, and Francis Morton, on the day first aforesaid, and on divers other days thereafter, in the county aforesaid, and within the jurisdiction of the said court, unlawfully did pretend, to wit (to the said Juliet Anne Theodora Heurtley Hart-Davies), to exercise and use divers kinds of witchcraft, sorcery, enchantment, and conjuration, against the form of the statute in such case made and provided against the peace of our said lady the Queen, her crown, and dignity."

Tenders for the Metropolitan Board of Works' new issue of Three per Cent. Stock reached £10,300,000, the amount offered being only £2,450,000. The *minimum* was fixed at £90. The highest tender was £96 0s. 6d.; the lowest, £94 17s.; the average, £94 19s. 4d. The price of this issue relatively with their Three-and-a-Half per Cent. Stock, which stands at £105, is £90. So there is some excuse for the mutual hand-shaking at Spring-gardens yesterday afternoon at getting such a good average.

Those who remember the delightful drive up East Cowes Hill to Osborne Gate will hear, without surprise, that its pretty wild hedges and grateful shade are dear to the Queen. She has sent a contribution of twenty pounds to the East Cowes Local Board, to be used in keeping it in order—with the express condition that the hedges be preserved exactly as they are.

I cannot understand how in civilised nations a stand-up supper is still duly introduced at large evening festivities. Men and women cannot take perpendicular refreshment like so many horses.

It is just twenty-nine years ago since Consols touched 102, and with the present rate of progression attributable to Post Office absorption and diminishing supply, that figure seems feasible again; their price is now 100$\frac{1}{8}$-$\frac{1}{4}$

Mincing-lane trade is as bad as it can be.

Cabinet Council.—Summonses were issued yesterday afternoon for a Cabinet Council at the First Lord of the Treasury's official residence in Downing-street to-day at 2 p.m.

According to present arrangements, the Government hope to be able to introduce the Budget on the 7th of April.

Extra police precautions continue to be taken at the Houses of Parliament.

Mr. Irving and his corrupt critics may be surprised to learn that in a fine large room on the stage of the Lyceum a supper awaits the journalistic gourmandiser every night after 11 p.m., whether Mr. Irving has any work for him or not. The fact is vouched for by a New York paper, which is ample testimony to its truth.

Mr. Albert Brassey's magnificent yacht, the *Czarina*, left Cowes yesterday for a six weeks southern cruise. No yacht afloat is more beautifully fitted up than this.

Law and Police.

The public has been watching recently with amused surprise the passage of arms between the champion of the Bar and the solicitors. Each was fighting for the public, and in the interests of purity, honour, and economy.

Lookers-on were, perhaps, a little sceptical of deriving any tangible benefit from the triumph of either combatant, but they enjoyed undoubted pleasure in counting the hits as they were given and received. It may have occurred to some that the heads of each branch of the legal profession would, before attacking one another, do well to remove some of the anomalies from which neither is free, and that certainly the Incorporated Law Institute had better work nearer at home, if it really wishes to protect the public, than by raising the very remote question of refreshers.

There is, for example, a general consent among honourable solicitors that the first duty of their representative body, as the Law Institution assumes to be, is to use its power to clear the profession of those who use it for base purposes, and sternly to weed out all who have placed themselves, even morally, outside those laws which are administered for the protection of the law-abiding.

For instance, how many solicitors are there still retained upon the roll—and without a word of protest—who have become bankrupts under circumstances which have called forth the animadversion of the judge, or who have made compositions which have raised the suspicions of the Controller in Bankruptcy? How many who still practice without a word of reproof have placed themselves within the reach of other laws, and yet by some expedient or worse have contrived to shuffle themselves clear of actual conviction?

It is not so long ago that one of this body was brought before a Metropolitan magistrate, charged with having appropriated trust moneys to a large extent. After repeated adjournments, the Treasury having meanwhile, in the interests of public safety, taken up the prosecution, the accused was committed for trial at the Central Criminal Court. Before the trial came on, he managed to get it transferred by a writ of *certiorari* to the Court of Queen's Bench, where the chance of its being summarily dealt with was not to be apprehended.

Meanwhile, he raises the money of which he had been the trustee, and pays off the owner.

The outside public, however, draw a moral from the story—for seeing the Law Institution absolutely motionless, they conclude that when one of them is claiming such sensitive feelings for his colleagues, and such sympathy for the wrongs of the public, he must be writing in a Pickwickian sense or with his tongue in his cheek.

Gentlemen who have been writing letters (which have not appeared) to the newspapers, will learn with great satisfaction that a miscreant—one Cook—who has been robbing letter-boxes in the Strand and Fleet-street is now in custody. It is depressing to think of the valuable matter that may thus have been lost to the public, and of the undeserved blame that has been heaped upon the waste-paper basket.

Mr. Cohen, Q.C., and Mr. Butt, Q.C., both of whom had refused judgeships, were to be seen yesterday arguing before Mr. Justice Williams and Mr. Justice Mathew, who had accepted them. So great is the difference between plain black silk and a gown of the same hue, ornamented with a little white rabbit skin!

The new Queen's Counsel come rather from the byeways than the highways of the law. Dr. Tristram is from the narrow way of matrimonial causes, Mr. Saunders from the corridors of the committee-rooms. Mr. Chandos Leigh from nowhere in particular. Mr. Forbes hopes to follow in the tracks of Mr. Cave, lately Q.C., now Justice, on the North-Eastern Circuit. Mr. Clarkson probably has an eye to the rule of the road recognised in the Admiralty Court.

Six strokes of the birch seem much too light a punishment for a young ruffian who, with a gang of associates, habitually waylaid boys working in De La Rue's establishment, and robbed them of their coppers, knives, &c., if they refused to pay black-mail. This is all, however, that the Thames magistrate thought necessary in the case brought before him yesterday. But we live in a humanitarian epoch.

Colonel Rowley will probably be more cautious in future in advancing money to distressed females who profess to know some of his intimate friends. Miss Clarke, who obtained 22s. one night from the Colonel by claiming a sort of acquaintance with Lord Ravensworth and Lady Florentia Hughes, was sentenced by Mr. D'Eyncourt yesterday to three months' hard labour.

At the examination of the Earl of Perth in the Bankruptcy Court yesterday debts were shown amounting to £27,000, and assets *nil*. No wonder that Mr. Lumley pointed out that the accounts were of a one-sided character. It is satisfactory to find that "his honour permitted the bankrupt to pass his examination," even though his lordship is described as of "Queen's Gate, S.W."

The interminable charge against Messrs. Ottaway and Webster of conspiring to defraud creditors came to a close at the Guildhall yesterday, so far as the Police magistrate is concerned, both gentlemen having been committed for trial.

The charge against George Harris, formerly confidential clerk to Mr. Graves, the art publisher, in Pall-mall, of robbing his employer of £25,000, resulted yesterday in the Marlborough-street magistrate committing the accused for trial.

The hearts of poor feminine suitors are gladder now it is certain that Vice-Chancellor Malins has not resigned. He was "werry good to them, he wos." But the rumour was surely not *Malins prepense*.

It was quite touching to observe the childlike confidence of the old ladies with grievances in his lordship.

During these amiable interludes the face of Glasse, Q.C., glaring at "m'lud" over his spectacles was a study.

It is a close run between the V.C.'s Malins and Bacon in the matter of "reversals." The chances are just a toss up either way.

How many tailors may constitute a man under the co-operative system of tailoring? A prospectus issued by the Savile-row Association gives two major-generals and a doctor as directors. The object of the association is to supply gentlemen's clothing, hosiery, &c., ladies' habits, "also servants' liveries, &c.," under the "system of co-operation and ready-money business." When major-generals and medical men set up tailors' shops there is some credit in being in trade.

HOWARD & SONS,
DECORATORS.

PLAIN PAINTING,
STENCILLING,

WALL PAPERS,
WOOD TAPESTRY,

AND

VERNI WORK.

25, 26, 27, BERNERS STREET.

DORÉ,
HIGH-CLASS TAILOR for LADIES and GENTLEMEN
ON THE
MODERN CASH SYSTEM.

SPECIALTIES:
TWEED SUITS and ULSTERS for GENTLEMEN.
TWEED DRESSES and ULSTERS for LADIES.

The Garments are skilfully cut and well made, and in style and finish will be found equal to those charged some 30 per cent. more by eminent credit firms. The prices being based on the Cash System, payment on or before delivery is a *sine quâ non*. Terms: 5 per cent. Discount for Cash on Delivery; an extra 5 per cent. if paid on ordering.

The materials are all made by the best manufacturers, are of the FIRST QUALITY AND LATEST FASHION and the assortment will be found among the LARGEST IN LONDON.

25, Conduit Street, and 71, New Bond Street, W.

TROUSSEAUX &

List No. 1	£25	6	3
List No. 2	35	12	0
List No. 3	51	6	0
List No. 4	70	6	0
List No. 5	88	4	0

Full particulars Post Free.

"Really good outfits."—*Court Journal.*

Send size of waist with P.O. Order to prevent delay and inconvenience.

SWANBILL CORSET, 14s. 6d. and 21s.
For Medium Figures, 17s. 6d.
For Tall Figures, 18s. 6d.

LAYETTES.

List No. 1	£5	5	0
List No. 2	11	2	3
List No. 3	25	11	8
List No. 4	47	6	9
List No. 5, for India	31	0	4

Full particulars Post Free.

"Excellent quality and good taste."—*The Queen*

Sous la direction d'une Corsetiere Parisenne.

Just Published, A New Key of Fifty Varieties of SWANBILL and other French Corsets, Illustrated by various Types of Figures, Gratis and Post free.

ADDLEY BOURNE,
LADIES' WAREHOUSE. 37, PICCADILLY (Opposite St. James's Church), LONDON.

London: Printed by W. Speaight and Sons, 97, 98 and 99, Fetter-lane, E.C., and Published for the Proprietor by Frederick Evans, at the Office, 1, York-street, Covent-garden, London, W.C.—Saturday, March 19, 1881.